

Golden Casket by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby. Yo Syze what up cuzzo? (What up my brotha?)

Yo Bill, what up lord? (Ah we're about to get down.)

It's an honor to be on the song with my brothers, you know I'm sayin'? (Don't ever change my dude.)

On a physical and spiritual, it's a lovely thing to be makin' this music shit together man. That's word to Allah man, you know I mean praise the Ah

[Verse 1 - King Syze:]

We them motherfucking bombers explosive fire a federal building

Vietnam general killing with memorable spitting

Insane ripper who's hyper than caine sniffers

The Heavy Metal Kings with Syze, we the main figures

Lyricals you don't want a physical confrontation

Speak in moderation man we the army we the fucking nation

Don't disrespect the man that dis AIDS

I'll be locked in the cage man before I show I'm bitch-made

You's a switchblade n***a I'm a fucking cannon

The .22, I'm a .347 Magnum

You's a handgun, homie we at ? squad

Dudes better thank God, man we hitting tracks hard

Any given time I'mma ask what y'all want now

Hydraulic when I'm rapping I'm fracking the underground

In the surgical mood making vertical moves

While y'all lateral pass man we laughing at fools

[Chorus - King Syze:]

Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit

Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip

Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit

Disrespect us and you'll leave with your dome split

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[Verse 2 - Ill Bill:]

I'll spill the devil's blood, drink and kill devil rum

Black flag, metal gun, have you praying to God like Reverend Run

You'd better run for the hills like Uncle Howie running for krillz

A hundred a pill, gun in your grill
Peep the Jolly Roger, smoking like a Bob Marley concert
Run your mouth you get Molly ?
We got shipwrecked at Kitty Hawk
Kidnapped the man's daughter
He don't pay the ransom cut that bitch's titties off
A true gentleman, braveheart veteran with metal skin
Settle things, travel with the devil's wings
We about to throw people overboard, the overlord
What's the code of law? We don't give a fuck, we rewrote em all
The new mutants from a long line of goon shooters
New computers, new holochips and new Rugers
Violent creeps, piracy on the highest seas
Dying in the streets lying live beneath where my tires be

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Vinnie Paz]

I'm a G motherfucker, I'll bury you in the cryptic tomb
Guns big, the bullets I call em clips of doom
I was born on the precipice of a shifting moon
I was born to the death of it from a twisted goon
I wouldn't say I'm obsessed with it but a bit consumed
I just aim the AK at it lick my wounds
The boxcutter, a hollow tip it'll rip in twos
But that's a horse of a different color, a different rules
My hands fast, it's uppercuts and it's body blows
I ain't trying to catch a fucking case lord vamonos
You don't wanna see the power that the Lama holds
Put you in the motherfucking box like you Domino's
School of hard knocks Vinnie on the honor roll
My work's bloody, it's similar to piranha flow
The game's dirty, I studied it then I locked it though
My raps break motherfuckers call ? flow

[Chorus]